

THE KEYSTONE 1899

LOUISA B. POPPENHEIM,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. IV. No. 3. AUGUST, 1902. . A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED
TO WOMAN'S WORK.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Official Organ for the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

Official Organ for the South Carolina Audubon Society.

Official Organ for the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs.

Entered at postoffice, Charleston, S. C., as second-class matter.

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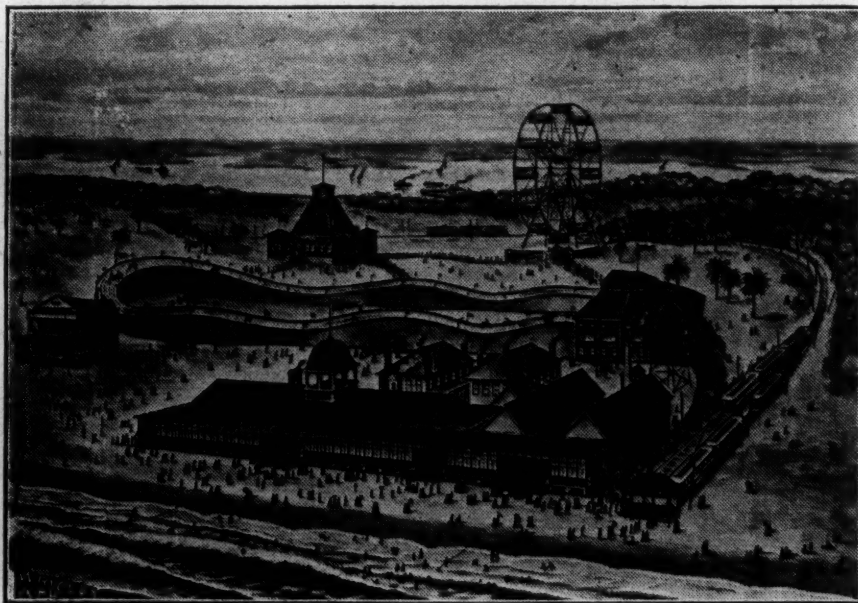
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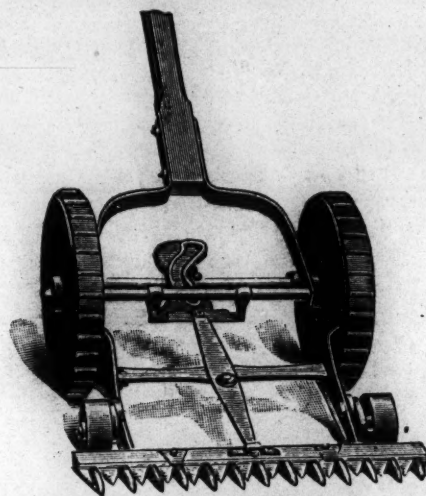


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Editorials.

SELF Pity is one of the most seductive sirens that can lure a woman on to a life of misery and despair. So many women seem to consider that they are the victims of an untoward fate, and the target of misfortune. Their hearts cry out for sympathy and can never be satisfied. They say with their lips, "What is, is best," but they live a life of sadness and despair. This is a wrong to the end for which they were created, and they should arouse themselves and shake off the clouds of sorrow and self pity with which they are enveloping themselves.

Habit is a vital force in our lives, and a habit of cheerfulness and gladness must be acquired, for it is of more avail in the world than one of sadness. In this day and generation we find that if we would succeed in life we must adapt ourselves to those methods which will produce the best conditions in life and those which will add to the development of higher possibilities in our fellow man. This cannot be attained in an atmosphere of despair. Sunshine is necessary for the normal development of all organic life and the sunshine of the spirit, cheerfulness and gladness, are essential to the development of a healthy spiritual life. The coward is satisfied with the darkening atmosphere of sadness, but the brave soul pushes on, out of the clouds into a clear atmosphere of, if not the sunshine of high noon, at least the clear, calm sky of afternoon, which will darken only unto the star-lit night of eternity.

A WRITER in one of the monthlies recently made the following interesting suggestions to the parents of to-day. He said that childhood is a long, tedious period, and enormously expensive to humanity, but that taken at large not a minute is wasted. Which are the strong nations of the earth? Invariably those whose sons and daughters come slowest to maturity and are best carried through the longest periods of infancy, childhood and youth. He advises special care of the girl babies, as they are the ones that count most. The child and the woman, we are assured, are the transmitters of evolution for the race, and woman more child-like than man, is more important to future generations than he is. Man, however, has his uses and values in the immediate present. So in making the sacrifices and in enduring the trials of bringing up young children one can find much comfort in the thought that slow development may eventually result in the best products of humanity.

THERE is to be a Hall of Fame in the new Capital Building which the State of Mississippi is building. The State Historical Society has been authorized to select ten citizens whose portraits shall adorn this Hall. It is expected that the names of Jefferson Davis, L. Q. C. Lamar, J. Z. George, Gen. E. C. Walthall, George Poindexter, A. A. Slate, Henry S. Foote, Gen. William Barksdale, Sargent S. Prentiss and John M. Stone will be some of the famous Mississippians whose names will be offered for this honor.

RADCLIFFE conferred the doctor's degree for the first time at her commencement this year. The two young women who received it at the hands of Mrs. Agassiz, amid great applause, were Miss Lucy Allen Patton, A. M., and Miss Ethel Dench Puffer, A. B. The bachelor's degree was given to a hundred young women, the largest class ever graduated from Radcliffe. President Eliot, of Harvard, gave an address, which he devoted mainly to arguing that women's education ought to be "profoundly different" from that of men. As Radcliffe is particularly proud of the fact that its course is the same as Harvard's, it may be doubted whether the audience fully relished President Eliot's remarks.—*The Woman's Journal*.

THE Club-woman is tireless where educational philanthropy is concerned.

IN these summer days, when the housekeepers of the land are all busy putting their homes in order, mending, patching, cleaning and folding away their household goods to keep them from dust and moth, it is interesting to hear of a great house-cleaning which has recently taken place in Italy, and the orderly soul of the model housewife will certainly breathe a sigh of satisfaction at this great crusade against that arch enemy, dirt.

The Pope began to study bacteriology not long since, and as a result an order was given to clean the Vatican, a task which had not been undertaken before in four hundred years. There were eleven thousand rooms cleaned, including the Pope's private apartments, the picture galleries, the library, the museum of sculpture and archaeology, the Casino, the Sistine, and other chapels, and the barracks of the Swiss guards. This mammoth house-cleaning occupied five months, and over ten tons of dirt were taken out every day for the first twelve or thirteen weeks. Five thousand people were employed in this undertaking and one thousand loaves of bread a day were consumed in the cleaning of the wall paper alone. Eight thousand brooms, two thousand scrubbing brushes and five thousand pounds of soap was the week's supply for accomplishing the work.

THE Trust Association, for the Management of Public Houses in England, was the subject upon which Earl Grey spoke in addressing the members of the City Club of New York City in March. He said only the most wholesome ales and liquors are sold at these places, together with temperance drinks and food. The men in charge receive a fixed salary and a commission upon the sale of all non intoxicants. This system is said to have reduced intoxication and improved the moral tone of the communities in which it has been tried. After deducting expenses and five per cent. for interest on the invested capital the trust expends the balance on charity and public improvements. After the address there was a call for a meeting to organize a similar trust in New York City.

DOES it shock the sensibilities of the readers of "The Keystone" to think of paid Sunday school teachers? Still the most advanced thinkers in this field of work heartily advocate this departure. There are churches in Boston and in and around New York where the pastors are employing trained teachers in the Sunday school. Many well-meaning young men and women attempt to teach in our Sunday schools without the faintest aptitude for the work, and it is a serious consideration if, in such a vital question as this is, there may not be a great deal of harm done to childish minds in a religious way by a teacher not properly suited mentally and characteristically as well as morally for so great a work. Childish impressions are very strong, and one should be careful how the great truths of life are presented to young people.

THE Chicago Woman's Club has received an anonymous gift of \$2,800 for its vacation school work, and will open two more schools this summer. It would be interesting to know how many vacation schools are being conducted in the Southern States this Summer.

D R. J. M. EMMERT, of Atlantic, Iowa, who delivered the oration on "State Medicine" before the fifty-third annual meeting of the American Medical Association at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., June 11, said in the course of his address that tuberculosis kills one-seventh of all the population of the world, and one-third of all the deaths occurring between the ages of fifteen and sixty are due to this disease; furthermore, it destroys four and one-half times more people than do small-pox, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and diphtheria combined; that in America 1,200,000 people have the disease at all times, or one in every fifty persons.

CHARITIES.

SOUTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

"Animis opibusque parati."

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Official news and calls of Federation Committees printed here.

List of Officers.

President—Mrs. M. O. Patterson, Greenville, S. C.
First Vice-President—Mrs. L. J. Blake, Spartanburg, S. C.
Second Vice-President—Mrs. T. C. Duncan, Union, S. C.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. C. Featherstone, Laurens, S. C.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Daisy P. Smith, 7 Logan Street, Charleston, S. C.
Treasurer—Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C.
Auditor—Mrs. L. D. Childs, Columbia, S. C.

MRS. W. R. BRISTOL, who has efficiently served the Federation as Chairman of Music Department, has been compelled to resign because of failing strength.

Mrs. Lulah Ayer Vandiver, President of Runnymede Club, has been appointed Chairman of Music Department South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. She is intelligent, energetic and a musician, and will give good service.

Mrs. Morris B. Freeman of Blacksburg having removed to New Hampshire the Federation will lose her valuable assistance in the Department of Forestry and Village Improvement, of which she was Chairman. She was doing admirable work. Her successor has not yet been appointed.

I desire to acknowledge with thanks the Year Books of Women's Federated Clubs for Massachusetts, Nebraska and Texas. Each of them is neatly gotten up and all contain matters of interest to Club-women.

M. O. PATTERSON,
President of S. C. Federation.

It is the hope of the Recording Secretary to issue the new Year Books by November 1st. To do this it is necessary that each Club send a report to Miss Daisy P. Smith, 7 Logan Street, Charleston, S. C., by September 15th. Miss Smith will need to know the name of your Club, when organized, object of organization, number of members, time of meeting, subject of year's program, number travelling libraries, if any, the names of your President and Corresponding Secretary, and any other item likely to be of interest to other Clubs.

Let me urge each Chairman of a Department to send directly to me her report for new Year Book by September 15th; this report not to exceed 300 words.

LULU P. FEATHERSTONE, Rec. Sec.

Rock Hill.

THE Perihelion Club met with Mrs. A. E. Smith on the 3d Thursday in June. Every absent member remembered the appointment and sent written regrets. Our President, Mrs. W. B. Wilson, was absent in Alabama. The meeting was smoothly conducted by Mrs. J. C. Cook, Vice-President. The Delegates from the Convention were much impressed by the work of the Convention, and refreshed by the various entertainments connected with it. The greater portion of the afternoon was taken up with the news from Spartanburg. The assurances of appreciation which came to me from many sources were highly valued and added to the regrets which I was already unable to express.

Mrs. J. M. Ivy read a paper on the Punic Wars. The subject, intrinsically interesting, was even more so when arranged especially for our Club by the skillful pen of Mrs. Ivy. The social character of the meeting was unusually gratifying.

The resolution was taken to keep on file all the papers read before the Club.

The Perihelion Club had the pleasure of entertaining our City Union Club President at this meeting.

MRS. A. E. SMITH.

MRS. M. W. COLEMAN, first President of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, is enjoying an extended trip in Europe. When last heard from, she was at The Palazzo Daudolo in Florence.

A Doubtful Experiment at First.

[W. H. TOLMAN, DIRECTOR OF INDUSTRIAL BETTERMENT DEPARTMENT.]

THE Free Traveling Library system of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, until three years ago, was conducted upon the usual plan of transportation systems, which means provided up-to-date facilities for the comfort and convenience of their patrons. About this time Mrs. Eugene Heard, a far-seeing woman, in her Georgia home, became imbued with a desire to improve the condition of families in the country districts in her native State. In the small stations and outlying districts she found scores of families fond of reading, but without the means for purchasing books, or knowing just which ones to buy if the money was forthcoming, and far from any public library. The idea of free traveling libraries on a small scale was advanced, and the Seaboard Air Line Railroad management was asked for free transportation for the boxes of books. This request met with success, and every aid possible was given by the Railroad Company, at first from pure philanthropic motives. With the generous encouragement of E. St. John, late Vice-President of the Seaboard System, and the voluntary co-operation of estimable members of the industrial department, organized by John T. Patrick, Mrs. Heard perfected her plans and launched an enterprise which at first seemed a doubtful experiment, but has since achieved a success beyond the most sanguine anticipations. In this case, as it frequently happens, the Railroad Company's generosity was "bread cast upon the water," for it was not long before the increased intelligence of the people along its lines began to benefit the Company.

From a material standpoint the Seaboard is harvesting immense returns from its educational scheme which it has fostered. Its reputation for enlightened enterprise stands higher than ever before. The nation and every State in it, every university, library and school, North and South, and professors and teachers throughout the length and breadth of the land are applauding the Seaboard for its wise, far-sighted liberality. So great is its popularity in Georgia that a leading lawyer in Atlanta recently declared that he knew of several important suits for damages that had been withdrawn for the sole alleged reason that the Seaboard, defendant, was a corporation with a soul, and was doing all it could through these "traveling libraries" to educate and improve the condition of the people along its lines. Practically, and without a thought of direct or indirect accruing gains, Mrs. Heard in electrifying the educational pulse of the country with her own enthusiasm has brought thousands of dollars to the Seaboard that else would have gone into some other direction. A policy of railway management that is kindly and liberal never fails to sway the popular heart, and elicits grateful appreciation.

At first the libraries consisted chiefly of agricultural works donated by the Government and contributed by friends. The unsolicited, unexpected, but gratefully appreciated gift of \$1,000 from Andrew Carnegie was most opportune and made it possible to at once place the library system upon a sure and safe footing. To-day 2500 books are circulated and eagerly read in the small towns and villages along the S. A. L. Railroad, the enthusiasm which is aroused being proof of the timeliness of the library system. What the S. A. L. and Mrs. Heard have accomplished can be done by any other Railroad Company, manufacturer or department store. Nothing brings in greater returns for the outlay of time, thought and money than placing suitable books in the hands of those who will read. A great drawback to the establishment of such libraries lies in the selection of the books. Busy men do not have time to write out a list of books which would be suitable for their employes, and it is just here that the League for Social Service can be of substantial aid to those who wish to organize libraries. Through its library department the League will be glad to make out book lists for all kinds of factories, specializing whenever it is necessary, and for any number of employes.

North Carolina.

INFORMATION has been received that the Winston-Salem Club-women are planning for the meeting of the first State Convention of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, which will take place the early part of October in that City.

IN Charlotte, North Carolina, some of the mercantile houses are advertising that on certain days they will give a per cent of their gross sales to the fund for building good school houses in the county. On May 10th, the Tappan-Long Company donated ten per cent. of their sales to this fund, the amount donated being \$176.14. This not only helps the cause, it also shows that the cause has become popular.—EXCHANGE.

District of Ninety-Six.

THE upper country of South Carolina, or the old district of Ninety-Six, comprised the original Counties of Edgefield, Abbeville, Newberry, Laurens, Union and Spartanburg, the district site of which was at the present old Star Fort, known in former times as Ninety-Six, or Cambridge Court House.

This district has often been the scene of battle and bloodshed, not only during the Revolutionary War, but as far back as 1776.

A period of four years transpired between the ending of the Indian troubles of 1776, and the visit of Maj. Patrick Ferguson to the district of Ninety-Six. He was dispatched on the 18th day of May, 1780. His command consisted of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men of the provincial corps. Ferguson's march to Ninety-Six alarmed the patriots of the up country for their general safety, being now too weak to offer a general resistance, but we have accounts of small gatherings and attempts made for the scattered patriots of the country to be brought together for resistance.

The Tories flocked to Col. Ferguson's camp, and kept him posted as to the whereabouts of the Whig encampments. Ferguson sent a detachment to Brandon's camp. The latter was not prepared for resistance, and the attack being unexpected, he and his command were put to flight.

Ferguson after remaining a fortnight at Ninety-Six resumed his march. He selected a good location on Little River, where he erected field works; here the British and Tories maintained a post for some time.

This was indeed a dark hour for South Carolina, whose condition was generally regarded as hopeless. The territory was now completely under the control of Royal authority, with the British troops scattered all over the state.

The people felt that there was no other alternative but absolute submission. But while Ferguson exercised a commanding influence over certain sections in South Carolina, and especially in the lower and central portions of the district of Ninety-Six, we have unmistakable evidence that the settlements in the extreme up-country did not take to him. The spirit of patriotism prevailed among them, and they were still disposed to maintain a stubborn resistance to Royal authority.

It is said that "the darkest hour is sometime just before day-light." While the territory of South Carolina was completely subjugated to British authority, and the people were at first disposed to submit to the powers that be, their minds were quickly changed by unlooked-for circumstances. This was especially the case in the extreme upper portion of the State. The principal cause for this revolution of sentiment was a proclamation which was issued, by which British commanders absolved prisoners from their parole and restored them to the condition of British subjects in order to compel them to join the British army. This raised the mettle in the bosom of the Carolinians, and general discontent prevailed everywhere. So during all the while that Ferguson was recruiting and preparing to retain complete and absolute control of the affairs of upper Carolina, both civil and military, the gallant spirit of Marion, Sumter, Roebuck, and others, had been all the while at work to arouse the Whigs to continued action and resistance.

In the up-country among recruiting camps established were

Earle's Ford and Cedar Springs. The brave and devoted partisans were soon in better shape for resisting the British and Tory invasion. Before the closing of the same year, 1780, the following battles were fought and victories won, viz.: Cedar Springs, Thickety Fort, Wofford's Iron Works, Earle's Ford, Musgrove's Mill and Blackstock's Ford, and in January of the following year, Cowpens. All of these, which are less than fifty miles from Musgrove's, were fought within the borders of the old Ninety-Six district.

The ending of the Revolutionary War, with success to the American arms, doubtless infused new life and energy into the people everywhere. The time had come for changes to be made to suit the existing conditions and circumstances. In the year 1783, a convention was called by the people of South Carolina, which was the first to meet after the close of the Revolution. In the same an Ordinance was passed to divide the districts of Charlestown, Georgetown, Cheraw, Camden, Ninety-Six, Orangeburg and Beaufort into counties "of a convenient size, not more than forty-five miles square," and for each and all of these Commissioners were appointed. Those appointed on the part of the district of Ninety-Six were Andrew Pickens, Richard Anderson, Thomas Brandon, Levi Casey, Philemon Waters, Arthur Simpkins and Simon Burwick. Under this Ordinance the Counties of Edgefield, Abbeville and Newberry were laid out in 1783, leaving the remaining portion of the district of Ninety-Six, composing the territory of the original Counties of Spartanburg, Union and Laurens as yet unchanged, but changing the district site or Court House from Cambridge to Pinckneyville, on Broad River.

By virtue of an Act of the Legislature of South Carolina, passed in 1785, the remainder of Ninety-Six district, viz.: Laurens, Union and Spartanburg, was divided.

FROM A MEMBER OF STANDARD READING CLUB,
UNION, S. C.

Benefits and Dangers of Sea Bathing.

MOST of the benefits usually ascribed to sea bathing are due to the breathing of salt air, says a writer in *Good Housekeeping*. The ideal ocean bath comprises the plunge, the moment of benumbing cold, the immediately succeeding moment of irradiating warmth (in which the strength of individual vitality asserts its supremacy over a destroying element), then the hard rub and quick run along the beach, by which means a possibly reluctant reaction is triumphantly realized. If, even after an hour or two, there is a feeling of chilliness or lassitude, it is convincing proof that the plunge has not been swift enough nor the exercise following it energetic enough. Where the circulation is poor, an indoor dip into salt water at 80 degrees is quite sufficiently chilling.

A delicate woman might as well go out to slay a lion with a paper knife as to oppose her feeble spark of warmth for more than a few seconds at a time to the death-cold clutch of ocean. Cold is a powerful tonic. So is hardship. So is privation. Each stimulates the vital powers to their utmost; and when the forces of defense have been weakened by indoor living, complex foods and shallow breathing, they are further injured by being subjected to an overpowering assault. To come back to nature is profitable only when we fully understand that nature is not sympathetic, nor refined, nor considerate of our feelings. She is the original strong-minded woman. If we are hardy enough to defy her she will allow us to survive; if we are not she won't. In the right use of air and water, food and exercise, are undoubted health and strength; but if we neglect all other means of physical well-being, and stake our faith on water alone, we are deceived. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," but it must be a steadfast all-the-year round love, not a fancy of the overheated season.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., mean to be pioneers in the matter of book wrappers. It was with this house that the custom of printing a description of the book on the wrapper originated, and now they put forth a new and beautiful wrapper on "A modern Antaeus." It is so elaborate that it certainly would attract attention to a book of less promised popularity than this novel by the author of "An English woman's Love Letters."

Conscience.

I am Life's Tamerlane—
The scourge of God,
With me alone remain
The sword and rod
Whereby in wrath, throughout His world-domain
Doth Love, avenging, reign.

I am that Joseph bound
And sold in vain;
From dungeon darkness found
To rise again;
At God's right hand, whate'er of good redound,
His sole viceregent crowned.

JOHN B. TABB, in the Era Magazine.

Ilderim.

[By F., Charleston, S. C. Begun in July "Keystone."]

II.

"And must you, must you sell Ilderim, Father; is there no other way?"

"There is no other way, my child, else I would have saved you this. I know that it is hard on you, but I have left no means untried. I have exhausted my last resource. It means either Ilderim or the homestead; the mortgage must be raised."

"It would seem just as unnatural to sell me, Father."

"We cannot be turned out of doors, child."

"If I could only work!"

Jasper English raised his troubled eyes from a disorderly heap of papers on the library table in front of him. How hopelessly he had studied those papers no man knew, nor would Jean ever know how many nights he had lain awake trying to devise some means of averting this blow, or how desperately he had struggled to summon up sufficient courage to break to her this bitter intelligence. The tale of his sleepless nights and bitter regrets had underlined his troubled eyes and traced new furrows in his care-worn face.

Jasper English was one of those men who had had all gifts from nature save only the chief element of success. A fatal irresolution had marred his life, he lacked the judgment that make men do the right thing at the right time. When he should have bought, he sold; when he should have sold he bought. He found himself always doing from necessity that in which there is only virtue when done voluntarily. He was always paying the interest of life, when he had not profited by the capital. Good looking, upright, with a certain sort of impractical clearness, he had inherited a handsome property in the stock-raising portion of L—, but year after year his patrimony had slipped from him, the long rows of stalls were untended and fallen into sad disrepair, and down in the smooth, green meadows, where scores of blooded horses had grazed in his earlier days of rich gentleman stock-raiser, Ilderim alone remained, the last of the racers of Islington. To-day's misfortune touched him very deeply, not for his own sake—perhaps he had grown used to reverses, had lost faith in life—but he felt keenly the sorrow that had befallen his only child. It hurt him to think of the grief that she would experience in parting from her favorite.

The little hopeless cry, "If I could only work, Father," stung him deeply. It seemed to rouse his manhood, which many reverses had rendered supine. It brought to him a painful realization of his own unworthiness, his utter incapacity for living a practical life. With remorseful eyes he regarded the little sorrow-stricken figure. She sat on the arm of a great oak rocker, her arms folded across the back, her beautiful face buried therein, rocking herself hopelessly backward and forward.

"Work, child," he cried harshly, "work, indeed, what are you fit for?" his eyes traveled slowly over the slight, swaying form and rested upon the slim, brown hands. How frail, what a child she looked, and he, her father, had utterly misused and squandered his fortune, would leave her defenceless of the panoply of wealth, to work her own way in a world where he had failed absolutely.

"You might marry," he said, after a pause. How he despised the sound of his own voice, but too late. She threw up her head and regarded him scornfully. "Yes," with a touch of dumb pathos in her tear-dimmed eyes.

"Marry, indeed, for a home? I would rather starve in the streets! Oh, Father, how could you? Marry as a last resort, marry for a home, and for food and clothes? Sell myself as you would sell Ilderim?"

"I did not mean that, Jean, indeed I did not mean to hurt you. I only meant that I am a failure, utterly unfit to care for you and provide for you as I should. If you loved some good man you would be better and happier in his keeping. I am unworthy to have you in mine. I used to think, child," he blundered on, "that you and Craig would make a match. He is a good fellow, worthier than the others, but I must have been wrong, as usual, for he has gone to the end of the world; it is a year since he left so suddenly."

Gradually while he had spoken the anger had died out of her face, in its place a great tenderness—at his last words her eyes darkened and flashed ominously, but she came swiftly to his side, folded her arms about his neck, rested her cheek against his bowed grey head, speaking softly and caressingly the while. "Father, you know that I love you better than anything in the world; we two have always been so much to each other, you are all that I have, all that I want. Is it kind of you to speak so of yourself, when you know how it hurts me? We will go on together, just you and I—we will be all in all to each other and not mind about the other things—we can be happy upon very little when we love, and I will learn to do things; I have always been so idle. But, father," a little lower and more timidly, "you must not speak of those other things, it is all a mistake, one has many friends who may go and come as they please, but one has only one father."

Jasper English did not speak, he pressed his lips upon the warm clasped hands about his neck, and two large drops, the pride of a man's humility, fell upon her quivering fingers, sealing her loyalty and love.

"And, father," she continued, trying to steady her voice that shook and played her false, had she been less honest she might have comforted him better, "you must not worry about Ilderim; of course I will mind at first, but after a while it will not trouble me, one learns to forget everything in life, forgetting does not seem so hard to people," she ended a trifle bitterly.

He did not answer, and she was not brave enough to say more; she unclasped her hands, pressed a kiss upon his forehead and slipped out quickly into the garden.

"It ought to mean something to me, all of this," she said, standing among the roses and waiving her hands sadly towards the long, grey, old house with its broad vine-covered piazzas and quaint gables peeping out from among the high shouldered silver-leaf poplars. "It ought to mean something to me, all of this, my birthplace and that of my father before me. It ought to mean childhood, and home, and mother—home and all the memories and associations of my life; I ought to love it, I think I do, and yet it seems to me like blood-money—the price set upon Ilderim's head!"

III.

The Willoughby course was swarming with a confused, excited mass of human beings; the grand-stand was full to overflowing with the lovers of the turf. Men and women of fashion laughed and chatted idly, lending graciously enough the goodliness of their presence to the gay scene. Carriage after carriage came bowling along in a light cloud of dust, horses champed restlessly upon their bits, and the drivers on the boxes of the waiting equipages joked with each other and took up odds upon the coming race.

Around the Judges' Stand the horse owners, the trainers, the enthusiasts of the sport, grey beards who had seen the grandsires and dams of the present favorites win their maiden stakes, and young men with the audacity of youth challenging their elders as to the winning horse.

The hoarse voices of the book-makers rose above the tumult; and the shrill altercations of the jockeys, as they

pressed in and out of the crowd, ready booted and spurred, and loud with the sense of their own importance.

The shabby man who lived by his wits, elbowed the scion of the first family in the country; poor men who could ill afford it took up heavy odds; rich men staked their hundreds upon the turn of a horse's shoulder, the cleanness of a filly's limbs; men who had backed up the winner with half a year's living sauntered around with a coolness that did not deceive, while those who had ventured but a paltry trifle were conspicuously important always, and the book-makers grew rich upon the credulity of the masses.

Young and old, rich and poor, hope and despair, ambition and avarice, mingled pell mell in a seething mass, for upon the turf all men are equal, the passion of gambling is as levelling as that of death.

The horses came out for the first race, which was a hard one, a mile heat with four hurdles, and the best race blood of Kentucky was to be put to a trial.

The track lay before them in an 8, a splendid sight for the spectators.

The gay-clad jockeys warmed up, and unblanketed their horses and were weighed, the owners crowded around with last instructions and commands.

In the front row, directly opposite the Judges' Stand, sat Jean, every nerve strained and intent, her heart throbbing, and her eyes fast upon Ilderim where he stood aside from the crowd, calm, confident, proud, his head uplifted, his eyes answering the burning love and mute misery in those of his mistress. She might have touched him if she would, but she could not; he might have heard her voice, but she could not speak, and Ilderim seemed to understand how much it all meant to her; he seemed to feel that to-day or never he must prove himself worthy of her devotion, for much hung upon the result of this race, if he won, his price would pay off the mortgage; if he failed, he must be sacrificed all the same. He was doomed, and some subtle prescience of his fate seemed to sober the mad, impatient impulses of the noble creature whose veins were tingling with the purest race-blood in the country.

Jean had schooled herself faithfully for this ordeal, for weeks she had lived over the dreaded scene, trying to accustom herself to its every painful detail, but she now realized that anticipation was but a faint forecast of reality. She knew that Ilderim must be sold, yet one disloyal hope, one desperate temptation kept assailing—if he would fail, fail utterly, perhaps his price would not warrant his sale! She hated herself for the thought even, she put it bravely aside, it would break her heart if he failed, she was so proud of him. Either alternative was bitterness to her, yet she must be loyal, whatever betide!

She was glad that she was alone, that her father was with friends in the thick of the excitement, that only strangers surrounded her; she drew her big hat over her eyes to protect her from recognition; how far away she seemed from the light humored, laughing world of fashion about her; it seemed the irony of a mocking fate that this first tragedy of her young life should beat itself out in time to the measure of their laughter.

And Ilderim stood there, through it all, as pretty a picture of a horse as one sees in a lifetime; his red chesnut coat glossy as satin; his small, intelligent head well raised and alert, the trim ears uplifted, eager; his eyes wide apart, full, liquid; nostrils delicate, arched and quivering with the sense of coming excitement; his limbs long and lithe, small feet, well set and true. As she looked at him, Jean remembered another April day when the world looked just as it did to-day, when just so Ilderim had stood beside her in the meadow sunshine, when she had told Gaston Craig that she loved the dust under her horse's beautiful feet more than the homage of any man in the world. Would he think this retribution upon her, she thought; would she tell him that again to-day, she wondered, should he suddenly forsake the improving of his mind among Chinese Mandarins and stand before her to-day? But he would not, again, a man does not forgive so easily, it is easier for him to forget. "How foolish I am," she started guiltily at the thoughts that had surprised her; "All of this excitement unnerves me,

as if I cared whether he stayed or came. All men are the same to me, except father. Yes, I have father—and—Ilderim," with a suppressed sob—"for to-day." Afterwards—but the starting bell sounded. "Figs," the small jockey in blue and white gave her a confident smile, Ilderim neighed, and suddenly transformed into quivering excitement, took his place in the line.

Twice two fractious horses dashed away before the starter's signal; twice they took their places again in line, Ilderim steady and cool throughout, though the swelling veins in his neck betrayed his excitement.

At last they are off, six in number; like the wind they dash down the first course, gay silken sleeves fluttering in the breeze; they reach the first hurdle, five go over; the sixth, a long bay, bolts into the right field. Onward they go, they are warming up to their work and settle down steadily for the second hurdle—all is well, over they go, the five, Ilderim in the lead, a small black filly pressing her close, and gaining upon them—Tunis—the favorite, who has taken the first stretch quickly, like the old stager that she is; the other two are almost out-distanced by the time they reach the third hurdle. The race lies between Ilderim, the black filly, second in the books, and Tunis. This is the hurdle that tries the mettle of the steadiest; the first two clear it like birds on the wing, with one clean magnificent spring; "Figs" in his zeal urges too soon, Ilderim rises boldly, makes a fatal blunder, and down in the dust roll steed and unhorsed jockey, the other two rush ahead; there is a moment of terrible excitement; quick as a flash Ilderim rises to his feet, the boy lies unconscious against the barrier; with one swift leap the horse clears the hurdle and riderless regains the lead as they near the fourth and last hurdle.

The excitement is intense; with bated breath the crowd watches the issue. Jean, white, hatless, leans over the rail, the whole world a blank save for those three swift moving creatures. Tunis and the black filly are doing good work; the straining jockeys are riding them for all they are worth; the excitement increases; steady and true Ilderim takes the last hurdle, then neck and neck the three gallant steeds forge ahead on the home stretch; the last quarter Tunis gains a length; Ilderim with long sweeps passes him; fairly flying they round the last curve; there is no sound in all that vast concourse save the thud of their fast falling feet; one moment of fearful tension—Ilderim passes under the line a full length ahead, the other two pressing close, neck and neck, till Tunis outdistanced the black filly by a yard as they cross the line. There is a tremendous huzzah, a wild shout goes up, men surge into the course, they press around the gallant Ilderim who, turning, trots back proudly before the Judge's stand, uplifts his head and whinnies to his mistress standing motionless on the balcony. He has won the race riderless. Such an event is unprecedented in the annals of the turf; men shout, toss their hats, vociferate wildly; women wave their handkerchiefs, clap enthusiastically, some are in tears. The vast concourse is one mad, tumultuous, enthusiastic voice wrought to the highest pitch of admiration by the noble animal standing there so calm, yet with such conscious pride in the arch of his beautiful neck.

Poor "Figs," his gay satin sleeves torn and bedraggled, limps up to his horse, and putting his arms around his neck sobs like a baby when the judges declare that it is no race, because the leader lost his weight.

The excited mob surges about the Stand, demanding the race for Ilderim, weight or no weight. The enthusiasm is amazing; the shouting continues, the horse is almost crushed by the crowding mass that closes about him, so great is their admiration for the noble creature.

"Fools, madmen, stand back, you are crushing a woman," shouts someone in the Stand; someone forces his way through the crowd that presses to the front in wild excitement, just in time to catch the swaying form of Jean English. At the sight of a helpless woman borne aloft in a pair of strong arms, the crowd gives away suddenly; many hasten to the rescue, but they impede each other. Gaston Craig outdistances them all and hurrying quickly into the passage steps aside into the deserted billiard room, locking the door promptly behind him

The baffled crowd returns to its ideal—the beautiful, panting Ilderim.

Craig laid his burden on the billiard table, threw open the window and sprinkled with water the lovely colorless face, so strangely motionless—poor Jean, the terrible strain had been too severe for her overtaxed nerves, and when the crowd closed about her she had fainted just as Ilderim had whinnied for his smile of recognition.

After a moment her eyes opened slowly, questioningly in mute wonder they rested awhile upon the anxious face bending over her, then with a low, half tremulous laugh, she raised herself, by her companion's help, from her embarrassing position on the billiard table, sitting upon the edge, and as she had done on the stile a year ago. It seemed only yesterday that they had parted. He did not mind her laugh now, he smiled back into her eyes; the seal of some strange silence seemed to have fallen upon them.

"Was it not a splendid race?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, wonderful, but I hope you are better. Do not talk, it is bad for you," he added hurriedly.

"Nonsense," she cried; she was quite herself once again. "It was so stupid of me to faint, I am ashamed of myself, but the people crowded so."

"It was by no means stupid but very wise in you, I am so much obliged," he answered gratefully.

"I thought you were in China improving your mind," she hazarded after a moment, deigning no reply to his last.

"I was," he answered laughing, why he did not exactly know, but it was good to see her again.

"Did you like the Mandarins?" she asked quizzically.

"Moderately!"

"Did you improve your mind?"

"Not inordinately!"

"What brought you back?"

"Ilderim!"

"Ilderim," she repeated, while a shudder passed over her face, and the smile forsook her lips. "Do you know that I will have him no longer? He is to be sold."

"Yes," he answered gently, "I heard so, and came back to buy him." But he did not tell her how his heart had ached for her across seas when he heard it, nor how he had traveled day and night, nor found steam or rail fast enough for his coming. "Jean," he added, after a moment, "I loved you, and you loved Ilderim. I could not have you, so I wanted him, it was the best I could do." Ruefully, "Isn't he grand?" she asked with a blush, ignoring his remark.

"Yes, perfectly glorious, and a pretty figure I will have to pay for him, too, after to-day. Your father has just been offered \$5,000 by Morissey, but I have the refusal."

"So I was right, after all," triumphantly, though she felt none the less gratefully toward him.

"About Ilderim? yes! About the other I still feel the wrongness," earnestly, his fine face aglow.

There was a pause, during which she played with the chalk in the pocket and swung her feet embarrassedly.

"Did you feel it in China among the Mandarins?" she asked, softly.

"Yes, so much so that it interfered with the improvement of my mind; it still holds but one idea."

"Are you sure that you still feel the wrongness?" she asked stammeringly, after another moment of frightful distraction of chalk.

"Perfectly sure," "more so than when I went away, even." He waited anxiously, his eyes fixed unsparingly upon the blushing face, that face that had stood mockingly between him and all the joys of travel. From the very craters of Wunsentake and Fusi-yama that sweet tantalizing laugh had come floating up to him.

"I—I think I feel the wrongness of it too," she spoke slowly, laying her hands frankly in his outstretched ones. He held them fast and looked steadily into her eyes.

"Is it Ilderim or I, now?"

"Both," she answered with a light laugh, but she laid her head against his shoulder, as she had laid it against Ilderim's that other day, and in her eyes, that smiled still, he read the answer to that old, old story that he had told her over and over again.

* * * * *

Across seas the unconscious Mandarins still prayed in their painted pagodas; outside, the crowd shouted wildly: "Ilderim, Ilderim, king of the turf!" THE END.

Strenuous Life for Girls.

D R. VAN DYKE contributes to the current issue of Harper's Bazaar a most excellent article on "The Strenuous Life for Girls." This wise writer does not approve of the strenuous life as applied to women.

Running the word back to its root in the Greek, we find the word meaning "strong, hard; rough, harsh, especially of sound"—for example, "the strenuous trumpets."

Precisely! The strenuous life is the life that sounds like a trumpet. It is dominant, assertive, militant. There is a tone of defiance and strife in it. It is next door to a strident life. If this is what it means, it is not a natural nor a desirable life for girls.

I take it for granted that a man and a woman are of the same worth and not of the same kind. A woman's special and inestimable value in the world lies just in the qualities which make her womanhood. And these are things which strenuousness must disturb, if not destroy.

A serene and gentle dignity; a tranquil wisdom to counsel and restrain; a fine delicacy of feeling, quick to rejoice, tender to suffer, yet patient to endure; a subtle sense of the values of small, unpurchasable things; a power of great confidence and of self-sacrifice almost limitless where love speaks the word and duty shows the task; an instinct of protection, and a joyful pride in mothering the weak; a brave loyalty to the rights of the heart against "the freezing reason's colder part;" a noble hunger and thirst for harmony; an impregnable strength of personal reserve; and an exhaustless generosity of personal surrender—these are the native glories of womanhood. These are things that life, if true and well ordered, should deepen, unfold, brighten, and harmonize in the perfection of a woman's character. * * *

When a man says that wifehood is a woman's only career, he awakens much resentment. And rightly. It is not her only career. It is not a career at all. It is an existence. It is large enough to hold a hundred careers. There is room in it for all the accomplishments. None of the tones of life come amiss to it, except the sour and the strenuous.—EXCHANGE.

College Men for Trolley Cars.

M R. W. W. WHEATLEY, general superintendent of the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company, advises me that he is receiving daily a number of letters from students now in attendance at different schools and colleges requesting information as to the terms of employment, and is informing them that employment as conductors or motormen will be secured for them provided they can meet the requirements of service. He desires 800 young men to run the extra cars that will be required for Summer travel, and announces that a preference is to be given to collegians. It used to be quite a thing some years ago for college students to be waiters at seaside and mountain resorts during the long vacation. The collegian should show a much higher culture and better manners than are exhibited by the usual street railway employes. College men are expected to improve all branches of public service, and there is no branch that comes into more intimate touch with all the people than rapid transit. The electrical student can handle the motor, the sociological student can take his place by the bell cord and study human nature. Both will be better fitted to re-enter upon their studies when the next term opens. There is more to be learned from running a street car than from going to the seaside.

W. H. TOLMAN,
League for Social Service.

SOUTH CAROLINA AUDUBON SOCIETY.

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Official news printed here.

List of Officers.

President—Miss Christie H. Poppenheim, Charleston, S. C.
First Vice-President—Dr. Robert Wilson, Charleston, S. C.
Second Vice-President—Miss Kate Bachman, Charleston, S. C.
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Audubon.

THE fame of this celebrated naturalist rests on one magnificent book, "The Birds of America," for which all of his life may be said to have been a preparation and which certainly surpasses in interest every other ornithological publication. For fifteen years before he thought of making use of his collections in this way he annually went alone with his gun and his drawing materials into deep and unexplored forests and through wild regions of country, making long journeys on foot and counting nothing a hardship that added to his specimens.

His father, a Frenchman, was living in New Orleans at the time of Audubon's birth, in 1780, and with the view of helping him in his studies, sent him to Paris, where he studied under the painter, David. He remained there two years and returning to America, launched out as a gay young Pennsylvania squire. He tells us that he was extremely extravagant, with neither vices nor high aims. He indulged his tastes for drawing at intervals of picnicing, music and dancing and was fond of shooting. But the man whose daily wear was to be deer skins and homespun was then so finished a dandy that he went shooting in satin small clothes, silk stockings and ruffled shirts. His marriage with a charming English girl made, reformed and beggared him. His father-in-law urged that he go into trade, which he did, but he could never be kept inside the counting house. He was always anxious to break away to the woods. He writes: "Were I to tell you that once when traveling and driving several horses before me laden with goods and dollars I lost sight of the pack-saddles and the cash they bore to watch the motions of a warbler, I should only repeat occurrences which happened a hundred times and more in those days."

At last the Pennsylvania plantation was sold, his debts were paid and he was left without a dollar.

Considering that, save for a few lessons, Audubon was self taught, his presentations of all the animal creations was marvelous. In 1808 he moved to the West, still continuing his researches. Several years later he returned to Philadelphia with a portfolio of nearly a thousand colored drawings of birds. What befell them is best told in his own words:

"An accident which happened to my original drawings nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I left the town of Henderson to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge of a relative with instructions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months, and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced and opened; but, reader, feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole and had reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of air."

The shock affected his whole nervous system. Several days passed in oblivion, and then, the animal powers being called into action through the strength of his constitution, he took up his gun, note book and pencils and went forth to the woods, gayly as though nothing had happened, and feeling pleased that he might now make better drawings than before. Ere three years had elapsed the portfolio was again filled.

The naturalist's outfit for those wanderings in the woods was very characteristic. No wonder that the backwoods folk who saw him unpack his bundle at night were puzzled as to his

objects. It contained a shirt, a few powder canisters, several pounds of shot, a package of drawing paper and a box of colors. In all circumstances, unless it was raining hard, he would spend the days sketching and at night would sit over a smouldering log fire to write up his journal or preserve a skin. Besides the risks he ran from outlaws and Indians, his hair-breadth escapes were innumerable from the accidents of the wilderness. Repeatedly he went astray in the woods and he was brought to the verge of starvation. He fled before forest fires, entangled among pitfalls and fallen trees and on one occasion he barely entrenched himself in time behind a lagoon, even then getting his hair burned and skin scorched.

In 1826 he sailed for Europe to exhibit his newly collected treasures to foreign ornithologists. He succeeded in obtaining pecuniary aid in publishing the work, and plates were made in England. The book was published in New York in four volumes. The birds are life size.

The accounts of his travels and the adventures he met with in his search for birds and animals are very natural and picturesque, but they show also his own fine nature and attractive character.

When he went to England to obtain subscriptions for his great work he became heartily homesick. He even looked back with fond longing to the pestilential Florida lagoons, where alligators were the stepping stones and water snakes the foot suares. The deer skin shirt was easier to wear than the swallow-tail coat. If there was one thing he did detest it was the ceremonial dinner, and he looked forward with the apprehension of a shy school boy to meeting a statesman or a great nobleman. Yet there was not a touch of vulgarity in it, it was merely a want of familiarity and the imaginative dread of the unknown. Audubon was intensely imaginative and emotional. The nerves that never failed him before savage or wild animal were tremulous in the horrors of ceremonious society, but he never showed awkwardness. He had all the easy grace of his French parentage and the stately dignity of his Spanish blood, and he had the dignity besides of a self-respecting man, with a discriminating sense of his own gifts and superiority.

In 1840 he built a home in the upper part of New York and died there January 27th, 1851. Temperate habits, iron health and long days in the open air stood the great naturalist in good stead at the last. He died of no acute disease, but of a sudden and easy collapse. He lies in a beautiful suburban cemetery, among the flowers and beneath the trees he loved so well, and under a stately monument erected to his memory by the New York Academy of Sciences.

Spartanburg, S. C.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

The Secret of Feminine Athletics.

MRS POTTER PALMER attributes the present rage among women for athletic pursuits to the increasing difficulty they find in beguiling men into drawing and ballrooms, verandas and conservatories, writes Julia Ditto Young in *Good Housekeeping*. It is necessary for women to meet men in order to subsequently marry them; so when the lads in a body took to bicycling, fencing, boating, swimming, tennis, golf, and the rest, the lasses promptly discovered the value of fresh air and exercise, the wickedness of allowing muscles to become atrophied, skin muddy, eyes dull, and mind inert for lack of oxygenated blood, all of which is the truest gospel. Also the charms of nature dawned, nay, burst upon them. Be the cause what it may, they dashed to beach and court and rinks "all accoutered as" they were, and really 'twas as difficult a feat as Cassius' swim in the Tiber. It was prophesied that these rough and boisterous and unladylike pursuits could never become popular, because soil and wear would ruin a costume a day, whereas one could play croquet forever without injury to the daintiest organdie or "summer silk."

TIME is the judge of men, things, and movements. Time is very sure. Therefore work on in peace, knowing that he who draws his only strength from opposition is doomed to perish, while he whose inspiration wells up within himself can never be destroyed.—Charities.

MISSISSIPPI FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Conducted by Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, President of the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs.

List of Officers.

President—Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, Okolona.
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Mrs. D. N. Hebron, Vicksburg; Mrs. Hattie Sallis Clark, Durant; Mrs. Edwin McMorries, Meridian; Mrs. Rosa Q. Duncan, Natchez; Mrs. R. G. Harding, Jackson.
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Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Henry Broach, Meridian.
Treasurer—Mrs. Mignonne Russell Howell, Crystal Springs.
Auditor—Mrs. W. C. White, West Point.

THE Federated Clubs of Mississippi are as follows: Aberdeen, West End Reading Club; Clarksdale, Book Club; Central Springs, Floral Club; Durant, Woman's Club; Goodman, Woman's Club; Hazelhurst, Floral Club; Jackson, Bay View Club; Kosciusko, Twentieth Century Club; Macon, Woman's Club; Meriden, Fortnightly Club; McComb, Young Ladies' Club; Natchez, Progressive Club; Okolona, Book Club; Okolona, Fortnightly Club; Okolona, Lanier Club; Okolona, Twentieth Century Club; Oxford, Browning Club; Tupelo, Fortnightly Matinee Club; Verona, Woman's Club; Vicksburg, Twentieth Century Club; West Point, New Century Club.

Each of these Clubs should bear in mind to send Reports to the Official Organ.

THE Clubs generally over the State have adjourned for the Summer recreation, but will be ready with a vim and vigor to return to work in the early autumn.

The Okolona Lanier Club adjourned July 16, at that time completing the year's Chautauqua Magazine course. The closing meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Pierre Gragnon, President of the Club. The afternoon was a particularly pleasant one on account of the bright literary and social features and the rare grace with which the hostess always entertains. The Laniers will resume work in October.

The Fortnightly Club of Okolona was beautifully entertained the afternoon of the 10th July by Mrs. J. F. Harrell, complimentary to Mrs. Parker J. Glass, of Mobile. The social features predominated, and gave it the appearance of an informal reception. Delightful ices and dainty cakes were served by way of refreshments. Mrs. Harrell, who is ever an excellent hostess, sustained her well-earned reputation.

The Traveling Library Chairman is already receiving letters of inquiry in regard to next year's work. We trust there will be much good done in this department throughout the coming Club year.

The Chaminade, with the Twentieth Century and Book Clubs, have arranged a beautiful lawn fete and musicale, to be given soon, for the benefit of the Public and School Library of Okolona.

The Chairman of the Educational Committee has arranged a circular of suggestions for the guidance of the local Clubs. Also a personal letter from the Chairman will be sent out to each Club, with the object of helping to further the development of this department. A number of letters of inquiry have already been received, showing the interest and concern in that line of labor and improvement.

The McComb City Clubs, although but new-made friends of the Federation, are manifesting great interest in the various branches of work. We are glad to welcome these good Clubs into our circle, and feel confident that their enthusiasm will add much to the encouragement of the State officers.

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Okolona.

THE ladies of the Fortnightly Club held a called meeting at the residence of Mrs. F. J. McDonnell, July 2d, 1902. Unfinished business of the past year was taken up and completed. A report was made by the Secretary of the expenses and receipts from the Federation of Clubs held May 1st. Committees were appointed for the various departments of work—on Home Library, Mrs. J. F. Harrell; on Education, Mrs. F. J. McDonnell; on Travelling Library, Mrs. Nannie Crunk; on arranging Program for another year, Mrs. Chas. Day and Mrs. N. Dulany. A vote was cast to decide as to whether the Club would support a Scholarship in the Q. Q. and C.—decided in the negative. No Travelling Library work was assumed for another year. "Current History" was adopted as next year's study.

MRS. F. J. McDONNELL,
Sec. and Treas. Fortnightly Club.

A Plea.

I wonder why some people
E'er censure and e'er blame,
When saying something kindly
Would cost them just the same.

I wonder why some people
Ever criticise one's ways,
When twould often be as easy
To speak in love and praise.

I wonder oft', when hearing
Comments unjust, unkind,
If, in place of always evil,
Something good they could't find.

I wonder if some people
Would stop and think instead
If much of hurt and harmful
Would not be left unsaid.

I wonder, yes, I wonder—
And I believe it too—
If there isn't some enjoyment
In being kind and true.

O, in place of ceaseless censure,
Put yourself in other's place,
And perchance the fault most flagrant
Will lose its every trace.

JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

Signs of the Zodiac.

[JULY 23-AUGUST 20TH, LEO, THE LION.]

ABOUT the 20th of July the sun enters the sign, which lasts until about the 20th of August. A man born at this period will be of an unruly, turbulent, rapacious and quarrelsome disposition, always inclined to dispute with his neighbors and to enter into law-suits. In life he will be forever scheming, without accomplishing his ends, he will be troublesome to others and to himself and for the most part unhappy. In love he will be indifferent, making it a secondary consideration; he will be unfaithful whenever his interests so dictate; he will make a morose husband and a negligent father.

A woman born at this time will be of an abusive and quarrelsome disposition, indolent and peevish in her temper; fond of calumniating her neighbors. She will be little inclined to the pleasures of love, an indifferent mother and untidy wife; in life she will be perpetually in scrapes, and for the most part unhappy, purely by endeavoring to make others so.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hood's Family Pills are the best.

Who Are Typical Americans?

WILLIAM WALSH, the Observer of the *Era*, has the commendable habit of thinking for himself. In the April number of the excellent magazine mentioned, he thus playfully criticises some of his countrymen who recently made themselves prominent:

The New Yorkers and the Philadelphians who thrust themselves forward as typical Americans, specially qualified because of their Americanism, to entertain a representative of the German Empire, were unfortunate in their self-elected nomenclature. In New York these men styled themselves "Captains of Industry," in Philadelphia, "Men of Affairs." The term "Captain of Industry" inevitably suggested the French "Chevalier d'Industrie," which is of universal European acceptance and designates what in our vernacular would mean "bunco-steerers" or "confidence men." It is reported that our visitors were only too quick to catch the joke, and that many a twinkle lit the festive board as German eye caught German eye during some "captain's" burst of oratorical self-complacency. After all, it is possible that these verbal architects builded better than they knew when they laid unwitting hands upon this gold brick of speech. In Philadelphia, the term "Men of Affairs" aroused widespread resentment among the uninvited. Did a handful of Union League clubmen, it was asked, arrogate to themselves the title of men of affairs? Wasn't every man in this busy country and in that busy city a man of affairs? The lame apology that not "men of affairs," but "men representative of affairs" was the term which the committee had in mind, and that the error was a mere slip of the pen, came too late to appease outraged sensibilities.

There is another criticism suggested by the make-up of these banquets. No man of purely intellectual eminence was invited to attend the n. Surely, art and literature are "affairs" and, only too surely, they are "industries." 'Tis true that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was one of the guests at both banquets, and he is a novelist and a poet, as well as a scientist. But he was invited specifically as "a representative of science." So far, so good. But why was his literary constituency so studiously ignored? Or if Dr. Mitchell was not to represent them at that banquet, why could not some one else, say Horace Howard Furness, or John Foster Kirk, have been invited, to show that Philadelphia took pride in higher things than mere material prosperity? The Kaiser, it is well known, aims to be a patron of the arts. Yet in the New York list of the one hundred selected (as the blatant announcement went) because they constituted the American aristocracy of brains, there was not a single name identified with that form of brains whose triumphs are the chiefest glory of any country.

MISS BEULAH KENNARD, so greatly interested in Club work at Pittsburg, reports quite an extension of the vacation school plan in that city, the prominent idea being to have a vacation school attached to each play ground. Quite an entertaining exhibit of the work conducted by the Joint Committee of Women's Clubs for Summer play grounds and Vacation Schools, was made in the Women's Building at the S. C. I. and W. I. Exposition, and the appreciation shown by visitors has so inspired these noble women that they extend an invitation to any of us passing through Pittsburg this Summer to visit the schools in operation. Their letters are most gratifying, and their good wishes for Charleston's future in this and other work most hearty. M. S.

Ye Olde Colonial Antiques.

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The Daughters of the Confederacy.

AT the request of a daughter of the Confederacy in Spartanburg we publish the following account of a Confederate Veteran. Maj. R. E. Wilson, First North Carolina Battalion Sharpshooters, Confederate States army, now at Winston, N. C., is a Confederate soldier who has never since the war worn anything but the Confederate gray with brass buttons, having arranged to have these buttons moulded when necessary. Having lost his left leg in battle he goes around on crutches made of wood from the battlefield where he was wounded.

This interesting man has his card printed in red and on the back is printed the following sentiment: "If I ever disown, repudiate or apologize for the cause for which Lee fought and Jackson died, let the lightnings of heaven rend me and the scorn of all good men and true women be my portion, sun, moon and stars all fall on me when I cease to love the Confederacy. 'Tis the Cause, not the Fate of the Cause, that is glorious."

Maj. Wilson, at the time this sketch was sent "The Keystone," April 6, 1902, was paralyzed and could not write, and the Daughters of the Confederacy in Spartanburg were very much interested in his convalescence. The Reunion in Greenville this month will possibly bring other interesting personalities into evidence and many Confederate reminiscences will occur.

The Influence of Fashionables.

THE whole nation is now influenced by the wealthy sets of the fashionable centers. Washington basks in the radiance of ambassadorial pomp; Baltimore has a cardinal's court; New York is both Catholic and Episcopalian; Chicago makes a distinction between the millionaire of the stock yards and those of the stock exchange. FRANCIS GRIERSON.

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THE STUDENT'S REFERENCE BUREAU.

Organized November, 1897, under the auspices of the Chicago Woman's Club, has for its purpose to meet the needs of students, public speakers and writers, who are either at a distance from libraries or have not the necessary time to collect data for their work. Data for writing papers—Programs—Bibliographies—Books purchased—Questions answered—Statistical information, etc. Circulars sent on application.

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Women and Social Betterment.

[JOSIAH STRONG.]

It is gratifying as it is significant to learn that, at the Sixth Biennial Convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, held at Los Angeles in May, the greater part of the program and the really strong sessions were devoted not to culture, but to social and civic betterment.

The industrial revolution, which transferred many activities from the home to the factory, has created new social conditions and problems of adjustment. It is fitting that women who have now been freed from the burdens laid on them by the age of homespun, should devote some of the new leisure thus bestowed to the solution of the new problems thus created.

When manufacture was in the home, women were held to the house with a short tether. They traveled but little. They saw less of the world than their husbands and brothers, and had less education. There was not much in their lives to stimulate growth and to provoke progress. Thus women came to be considered the conservative sex. But conditions are changing.

When spinning and weaving and scores of other industries went from the home to the factory, many young women followed, but the daughters of well-to-do and of wealthy families remained at home and found themselves without an occupation. Many of them had too much moral earnestness to be satisfied with the vapid thing called society; hence the new impulse toward higher education among women and the multiplication of colleges which cannot make room for the girls who flock to them; hence also the rapid growth of women's clubs which aim at a larger culture.

Thus leisure and wealth are bringing to women a larger life with larger possibilities. They are rapidly becoming in America the educated sex, with all that that implies. Our high schools very commonly graduate two or three times as many girls as boys. The latter drop out of school that they may go into business. It is becoming true in many communities that there are more educated young women than there are educated young men.

By reason of a liberal education, and courses of study pursued in middle life, for which business men have no time, there has come to be a large class of women who are much better informed as to social conditions than their husbands, they have also more public spirit, or at least more time to devote to the public good. Thus it has come about that women are becoming the principal promoters of movements for social betterment.

It looks as if women's clubs might take a leading part in the great work of industrial improvement and in establishing right relations between employers and employees. As wives they sympathize with the perplexities of the former, and as women they sympathize with the hardships of the latter. With a hand upon each they may do much to reconcile both.—Social Service.

Receipts Which Have Been Tried.

APPLE SNOW-BALLS.—Wash well half a pound of rice, put it into plenty of water and boil it rather quickly for ten minutes. Pare and core some large apples without dividing them. Put them in the rice and boil them for an hour—less if the fruit is small. An addition is a slice of fresh butter mixed with as much sugar as can be smoothly blended with it and a flavoring of pounded cinnamon or nutmeg. This must be served as a sauce.

PEACH SALAD.—Pare and slice half a dozen fine, ripe peaches, arrange in a dish, strew them with powdered sugar and pour over them two or three glasses of champagne; other wine may be used, but this is best. The quantity of sugar must be proportioned to the sweetness of the fruit.

"TWELFTH NIGHT," just published by J. B. Lippincott Company in the Variorum Edition, is the thirteenth volume of the monumental work undertaken by Dr. Furness, the ablest of living Shakespearian scholars. The edition has been received everywhere with such high critical approval, that its claim to being the most authoritative as well as most exhaustive presentation of Shakespeare's plays in existence will be undisputed. The edition is offered in large octavo volumes, with red-letter title-page and broad margins.

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My Trust.

[By REBECCA LINLEY FRIPP in *Youths' Companion*.]

A SONG was born in my heart one day,
But warm and sweet on my lips there lay,
A baby mouth, so dear, so dear,
I could not wish it away;
And the song died into the void again,
The Song that had stirred the souls of men
In the depths of their despair.

A thought as sweet as the summer rain,
Balm for the weary, heart's ease for pain,
From God's own heart sought out my own
And fain would I share its gain;
But little hands clung to me all day long,
At night, tho' its blessing had made me strong,
The white winged dove had flown.

And what was the loss and what the gain?
Long years passed—in a noble strain
My song was sung, the listening world
Was hushed at its glad refrain:
And into a matchless word was wrought
The balm and beauty of my lost thought—
My dove with its white wings furled.

The dear God knoweth His own time best;
His deep love searcheth the world's unrest;
He chooseth aright—the seed is sown,
And safe in its own place prest—
By whom, what matter? Full well I know,
My baby's touch and the sweet lips' glow,
God gave to my trust alone.

FOR twenty years or so *The Spectator* has occupied a warm place in the affections of readers of *The Outlook*. Their feeling for it has been much the same as that of the readers of Harper's for "The Easy Chair." *The Spectator* has been distinguished by a keen sense of humor and a gentle appreciation of the foibles as well as the great qualities of humanity. The results of observation in daily life, public and private, and in journeyings in many places, as well as of quiet meditation in the study, have furnished the material for *The Spectator's* genial comment and pleasant discourse. A selection has been made from the hundreds of these papers, which is soon to be published in a handsome volume by *The Outlook Company*.

PASTEURISED milk in sealed bottles, prepared and inspected under the direction of the City Health Department, will be furnished through the Summer to the poor people in the thickly settled districts of the Northwest Side of Chicago by the Northwestern University Settlement. Five stations have been established in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards, where milk will be sold at cost price.

The plan of milk distribution will be managed by Miss Margery Curry, a recent Vassar graduate, who will shortly arrive at the Settlement. She will be assisted by Miss Mary Leggett, who is connected with the Northwestern University Settlement. The head resident of the Settlement will have supervision over the work. The City Health Department will furnish the funds needed to start the enterprise and has approved the details of the plans. It is hoped to increase the effectiveness of this work by equipping small booths in the small parks and playgrounds of the city. This matter is now being considered by the members of the Small Parks Commission of the City Council.—Charities.

"Sylvia."

IN the competition on the twelve ideal portraits of the heroine of "Sylvia," published by Small, Maynard & Company, as to which artist's picture represents the most beautiful woman, and the order in which the others should rank, a count of the votes in accordance with the plan outlined in the advertisement in the book, has given the following order as the preference of the majority: 1, C. Allan Gilbert; 2, Howard Chandler Christy; 3, Alice Barber Stephens; 4, Louise Cox; 5, Albert D. Blashfield; 6, Albert Herter; 7, Carl J. Blenner; 8, Joseph DeCamp; 9, Henry Hutt; 10, J. Wells Champney; 11, John Elliott; 12, A. B. Wenzell. The successful competitor in this contest is P. V. Pike, 9 Worcester Square, Boston, Mass., whose vote corresponded exactly with the above order, thereby attaining a score of 78, which was the highest possible score.

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Book Reviews.

"THE OPPONENTS," by Harrison Robertson, the author of "Red Blood and Blue," is one of the books that is attracting most attention during this summer. The author shows great ability in developing strong characters, and in "Sidney Garrard" and "Morgan Tunstall" we have two very interesting types of men. This novel treats of love and politics in Kentucky and will be long remembered for its well drawn, living characters. The plot and incidents are well sustained, and we recognize Mr. Robertson as one of the writers of to-day. (Cloth, \$1.55.) Chas. Scribners' Sons, New York City.

"WHERE MAGNOLIAS BLOOM," by F. B. Cullens, is a dainty little volume which gives us a glimpse into the South during ante-bellum days. It is more of a sketch than a novel, and in the 80 pages we come across many real dramatic passages. The author has real genius, and is a true Southerner. The chapter on "Talk" expresses in a very eloquent manner the themes that have been patiently brought forward by several students of social science in America, as to where shall we look for the higher type of the Anglo-Saxon in America? closing with these lines: "I had rather be an American than a King; I had rather be a Southerner than an Emperor." (Cloth, 50 Cents.) The Abbey Press, New York City.

A BOOK that reflects credit on the publisher as well as the author is "Wallannah," a Colonial romance, by Will Lofton Hargrave. This novel is full of romance and daring, of bravery and treachery, and every chapter holds one's attention to the end. The plot is exceptionally good, and the local coloring most artistic. The scene is laid around the vicinity of the Carolinas, and shows us the life of those early settlers, so closely associated with the Indians, and other trials. The characters are interesting and well drawn. "Motier du Val" stands out as a true, brave man, and "Alice" a high type of woman. It is very gratifying to know that this volume comes from the press of B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va.

"OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK," by "Nuverbis," is so attractively gotten up that it claims one's attention at sight. The author shows us a thorough knowledge of the South and its people, and takes us among the best class of Alabama just prior to the War Between the States. The local coloring is very true, and the names chosen are typical Southern patronymics. We regret that the author has not given us any strong characters, but every chapter treats of idle sunny days, as he has chosen this side of Southern life. The whole is more picturesque than vigorous, and will prove interesting reading to all North as well as South. (Cloth, \$1.25) The Abbey Press, New York City.

DECIDEDLY one of the most attractive books that has come to our notice during the past few months is a small collection of poems by Miss Gibbes, of Columbia, S. C. The full title is simply "Poems of Francis Guignard Gibbes." The author is very ambitious, and all her themes are high and spiritual. There is no sentimentality in her verses, but instead we find a real love of nature, and a true idea of character. The South is proud to claim Miss Gibbes, and we anticipate a fine success for this selection of poems. It is most attractively bound in red and gold, with artistic cover designs, and contains a frontispiece portrait of the author. (Cloth.) The Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

MISS ADELAIDE FRIES, of Winston-Salem, N. C., has just had published a most interesting history of "The Moravian Academy" at Winston-Salem. This sketch is told in a clear, simple, straight forward style, and besides giving dry facts and events, the author introduces many of the unique customs of this boarding school which has recently celebrated its 100th anniversary. Not only is this pamphlet interesting on account of its value in Southern educational history, but it will prove of real value as an introduction to that peculiar sect, the Moravians. Miss Fries, as an alumna of the institution, writes from the heart, and in so doing has accomplished a good work for her *Alma Mater*.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY has just published one of the most attractive books of the year. A book that will never pass out of favor, "Old Tales of Napoleon," which contains two short stories: "Napoleander" from the Russian, and "The Napoleon of the People" from the French, by Honoré de Balzac, both translated by George Kennan. These stories are delightfully refreshing, and although not restricted to the facts of real history, show us how these two nationalities regarded the "little Corporal." It is a fascinating volume, and will appeal to all ages. The binding is most artistic, pale green and gold with bees scattered over cover. (Cloth, \$1.00.) The Outlook Co., New York.

"UNDER MY OWN ROOF," by Adelaide L. Rouse, is a story delightfully told by a newspaper woman, who builds a house for herself and becomes so absorbed in the planning and with the consultation and sympathy of friends she is not aware of losing her heart at the same time. The style is bright and delicate, and one closes the book in love with the author. Price \$1.20 net. Funck and Wagnall's Company.

PAYNE ERSKINE, author of "When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads," is not a man, as many have supposed. She is known in private life as Mrs. C. E. Erskine, and is a resident of Racine, Wisconsin.



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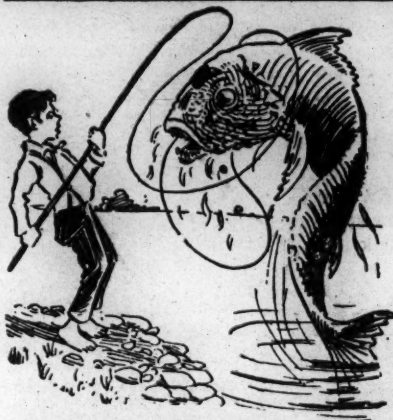
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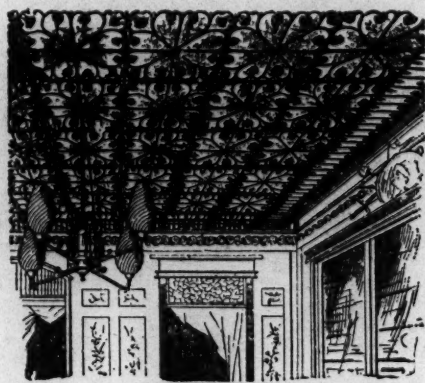
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